Rockslide on the Garden's Edge

Richard J Tilley

Made freely available

self@richardjtilley.space
rtilley4@alumni.jh.edu

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Ghouls away from the source of milk and concrete disais

ghouls of harmonic resonances and muscle and skin
tasting the flowers of the canopy like rudders on a throne
graphing seaside chiefs where cords swindle back and forth
waves tender like a crawling fish donating its helmet
if death had to happen somewhere the patriarchs are overjoyed
the robes saturated with gladness seen far from home
smoking heads treading fires on the away plane of disailment

Dust Settling on Martial Law

The size of a grain of dust
is Manhattan strapped to an elbow
unlike the salty dust, it has fellowship
among the frightened and the strong

The fabric of stellar dust disregards the strong
it has mood swings like no other partial king
it can push a fire engine over the Ravenna Ravine
or set the town ablaze like a martial law tenant

Village dust is ultimate weapon of retreat
it does not beacon for courage or tall graspy pines
it sinks below sand globes as a strangers course
stalling and fronting the air that it displaces

deer-hair song

a harvest of sold songs tempering displaced conversation
pastime annuity foraged like clumsy limbs from tired oak
feeling the amateur golden glass of passion and sold ink
festive fetal position flower buds like a canary cradle
tunes of placed salutary forks of almighty cinder reefs
never to be combined with the lawyer of deer-hair songs
footsteps towing boundaries like masks of God waiting

in defense of sufficient love or hampered jolting tides
gladness and delight stealing naturally divided light
contracts with Earth to only face so many terrors
where you did suppose verse like manufactured scale
calling you the light talking me to home without fear
never did we cast transitive paper bravery too sped
present night's legal separation of fruit from deeds

May Day's Coil

May Day reprisals sweeping in
from the west and mid-west
like concrete light barriers
and a million stores striking
disguising accusatory preferences
and a toss to the old dime of retreat
the siphoning of the market's coil

Manipulation of hearts and doctors

I’ve never delivered a heart
well, that’s not true
when I was younger
I may have had the opportunity

But hearts betray language
it is completely unclear, certainly
what part I may have played
in the loves of my life

Hardy trimming husks deliver
only a fraction of the fountain
most push causal acquaintances
leaving false storms for doctors

Southerners eating hummus
laughing at Egyptian tourists
betraying ethics of suffering
like a statue car pouring

Rain remembered for lost time
I never wanted to see her
she wrecked patience, good habits
vamping a soft day for polar branches

There does not a trap abandonment
without a strong lettered court
or so they say, some love is enough
sincerity can be refined as false

samizdat literature and garden seeds

revisiting shapeless wood cartridge cases dominating
lower places and a central point's eyes on track
the length of time a person closes the door drawing
eyes worth listening to cheer chords under countries
serious and upscaled like career diplomats's sail-song
singing scales among the changing bars and ranks
here we were meant to be preeminent and stalling
notorious and handy friend's seminal fall bridge
now garden seeds trade hands like closets proclaiming
walk-in stolid vacuous memories of strum casting light

Grey Matter (Revised)

There is a stem
from which we all follow
in broken booths and vacant dispositions
like a parking lot or a thought meter
disrupting a hollow downtown development index
where you were a patient

And I attested to the wings of fallen change
dispelling like the od bent possession
with willows that danced in the driveway
and distilled our salty sailing promises
immured and forever glossy like sand that sparks
pulled and ashen from the vacant parking meter

Work to hold our possessions
it was, after all, the fruit from Eden
that gave us the power of possession
it was that trick that danced
in the empty, coarse moonlight

Where we kissed and disposed
of our entire entry
like the stem of our thoughts
where we all shared the mutual crowning
of our deliverance, we shine not

Like the stolen dreams from change and vacancy
and withered enamored witnesses laughing
not witnesses conjured or injunction sledges
instead salty soldiers with stemmed perfume
where we can perform saturated castings
the grey matter that unfolds between us
deliberate as with stones against the house

“by this class of men as fair game”

- T. Dwight, Travels in New-England & New-York (1821) vol. I. Preface 18

How to convince you this is a destructive and ultra-right-oblative idea
you’re asking for advice in the rainy walkways between brick buildings
while Virgil simultaneously creates the most pernicious proposal
one day someone will out you as a war criminal doctoring ice-stays
participating in acts of criminal atrophy, someone betrays you, steady
still being in the *fall* of inherit sin, we too, are drafting glass shark teeth,
that earnest wearing of your skin means nothing absolute or crass this night’s try
just willows of smoking restaurants rowing mud river discharges across the sky

Hope Resists

designed from models of sea-dwelling behemoths
four guitars triumphant under noonday totals
pretending not to be awoken by sterling stars
imitating the seize of melodies truncating
raised in excellence in our ontology of nourishment

riverside conclusion tried animals

peaked among the angry blue leaves
frost on the family bear's nose
called inside against "Lackaday" triff-traff
drives printing to give to the outside village

conquering the riverside meeting places
like a bright shinning curtailed trembling
abandoning whisked trials under task
would rather you be favoring trains detailed
remarried and at risk of daytime slumbering
swallowing fear only Whooping Cranes know

theatre of hearts standing on stilts

a shell of any kind like fragmented radio wine
patrolling the May Ostrich farm into the evening
sickened with false starts and tagged tenor
mountain clef dis-acquaintance sung out parley
dousing themselves in sand and breaking creeks
today is the last morning we forget to stand

a night terror on a broken limb in the desert

look out loud to the abandoned desert where trees are pretending to be sand
language across centuries to the most basic elements lost for generations
sizing me up I had a vision in the night that covid was not a virus, but smog
this smog settled down foot level and we had become so accustomed
the smoke was all around and we learned to walk through it normally
I was with one other and we were investigators looking for someone
I looked at a counter, saw something in the house we were investigating,
it finally occurred it me, this smoke all around us was not covid,
it was a poisoned gas that was made to look just like covid, masterful
we began suffocating as we tried to run out of the house, then I woke
“hallucinating the text” to cite U.S. District Judge Jamal Whitehead
not that I think any judge is just, they are supporters of oppression
I suppose I am the same, not just, and just by living I am supporter

When I learn God doesn’t know me

someone holler at the text
and wipe the tears from my eyes
I feel I need her support to do it
will accidentally staying up all night
lead me to the same fate as S.J. Bernstein
will the birds on the back of the watch
come after me in the final moment
will God not know me after all
that I may be sent away astonished
pouring milk into a sick stomach
turning the volume to 12
and that was something I could do
slowly I fell away from God
and into the temple of need
as false as it is it will not comfort
when the sudden moment
leaves all anxiety to a high pitch
this rotating musical collar
will play you like a rubber ball
in the mouth of some giant
that takes you to the surface
where the sun is unbearable
on this dime I give away my speech
I give away my soul, my heart,
all I should have preserved
for the soon arriving moment
when we will meet each other

the ritual of imitating joy in the U.S. encampment

habitat breathing enforcing an expected mandatory joy
presence in this atmosphere is an ontological nightmare
taking people's money for the purpose of poor taxes,
tongues of hypocrisy, ignoring the community needs,
despite the rule of law, there was never an intent
no one is expected to be a safeguard, no lookouts,
just the pretense for a narrative that documents our illness
our inclined righteousness could be sowed, like a garden
a community of blind spots blocks us away from each other
that is the whole idea, joyous pretending, and the judges sing

work until death like a favored pastime, wrestling with war
a timepiece that does not connect to an algorithm or a net
steps praying for each other, one foot at a time, on the floor
under another floor, beneath another and so on, impeached
strangling the memories of hairpin triggers riding on the horse
resting along the killer's path to the voyage, shot down
never come into my prison and tell me I deserve even less
I have been giving over power before you were born
I've come know how to care for myself and that I can bend
you never will be a vision behind, you were never in fronting
Only the French know how I feel, and only the disabled French
Straining capitalist constructs to its own end and future nerves

birds are the afterlife’s intermediaries (and concurrent judges)

rituals are birds around the corner on the street on which you drive
they await you for days, for this solid moment, seconds in your life
concepts are too near or too far for your meditation to understand
birds of all kinds assemble around you as you get out of your car
in your house they sing to you, though you cannot hear them loudly
subconsciously, you are in tune with the birdsong, as though prayer
but the birds are above prayer, if they have chosen to sing to you
if they are acknowledge you in such a manner they can do anything
they can judge you for better or worse, the know all about you
they see into your thoughts, birds are afterlife’s intermediaries
in such a way, we can correctly say that all the birds are God

Exiled memories of supra folk (Evicted to Germany)

like needles, fountain pens overdose
the temper of the grocery list ascends
there the market apprehends wages
smoking tulips like it was sage
rethinking the world's obsession with rage
foul inked and rather ill cymbal syllables
yes, today we mark memories absent

French hotels and model citizens

Under the ashen brush
the leaves, proud and vacant
stands a powerful straw man
seeking the attention of the cameras
remorse has gathered to see
stranded like a forgotten child
no caretakers to remember
only the blessed spirit
of an unwritten God, seeing,
fleeing the wire of romance
stopping only at the sound

Sitting on a shelf in Brussels

perhaps the most autonomous ending
is the silent theatre with a stock stage
countering all happy moments with grief
the future will be held with a tried grip
now outside for the first time in years
time has passed indoors, never alone
lost numbers align with spoken art
perhaps a doctor’s attention in the hold
found a resemblance to metered gorges

Underground Water Trauma-National

roots of scarcity arched in directions right-handed and southern
postmarks like a manufactured date to grant or convey liability
charming ethereal singing posing without the assist of voices

now that I have given you the doctored scream of myself
please note that I am not a danger to your way of life,
or so says the dog and wolf in unison, trembling at Noem

ICE is against God or all that is good in harmony with aptitude
1000 whips never line the streets like streams of matter
so called I tell the witnesses of heaven to arrive today, now

never have I been so blessed to be at a distance from danger
for the first time in my life what goes on in the larger world
has not come crashing down on me, or my physical safety

however, my trauma resurfaced in full force, demanding
I am an abandoned child in Kmart once again never willing
the screams, the thought broadcasting, the willow hunting

the underground water seizes the roots, the marches on and on
I have asked if marches do any good, but we cannot know
what pain they have avoided because of the fact of avoidance

the disabled are the first killed, those most often gunned down
how can I speak for my sisters and brothers, only knowing symptoms,
invisibility, abuse, exploitation, ritualized neglect, all of it intentional,
but it is in the symptomology that all surfacing contrast blooms
so that one day our chorus might bring the attention of mercy

reality is not so liminal that we might find egress in a sage
or a song, or a drunken chamber-leader calling out for those not there
we can only patronize what is not working, not knowing a course to act
the thrust of a wicked nation that does not care or want righteousness
we can only bind ourselves to each other, a matrimony of secrets

for which one has responsibility

a particular public place
dancing in the oleander

there were Kent grass sills
property of documentation

minute tears collapsing
on snowy skyline passes

umbrella dust riddled affect
a good era for time travel

all the more weaponization
for joy being suppressed

from mountains to rubbish

summits of relativity coincide
with the hushed unspoken voice of God
She/He/They are a varied caretakers
in form and presence, denoting
laughter among some distant saints
and among other still stern expressions

but all the mountains will combine one day
and we will all hear each other
unlike these frightening times,
so distant from the idea of compassion
so lost and meager

if we could only tell each other our tales, one by one
the resilience of our collective effort
would destroy the oppression
tomorrow or one day we will be free
to be in the presence of each other

without surveillance, drive-by kidnapping,
or children separated from parents
one day the tree will know when to drop its guard
from the remote refuse, the waste at a distance
when the dispose of the darlings of totalitarianism
smokes its last passing rhythm like a sad voice
where only He/She/They can discover unaloft

to tye the port

the dross of the unabashed handshake
sketching for mold hills on the front lines
taking first umpires for granted under oil suns
the volcanoes are above us, the green trees below us
if only somewhere in the clouds
we could be so fortunate to meet God
and peaceably motion to the land apart

Unproven Assets

To the salting place of authority
so states the legions of hallways
oversight and damned rights amiss
languishing over Langley like rubies
condemned soldiers cry to fallen orders
not daring to stand apart with grace
not chopping wood on the floors
statehouses recommend strict reprisals
their passion flows like dust recycling
a relic in the prose of unproven assets

Patience

Patience is for one thing
and it is waiting
for the right time to act
there is an expectation
that to act will be final,
triumphant, solidifying the cause

Patience is for one thing
that is awaiting a blessing
of truth, of certainty,
of renounced allegiance
to corrupt pathways
and to deliver the people

the dulcimer of heaven’s tears

patchworks of auditory sustained
engineers of coastal highways
there, to smell the grass
posthaste concerns for labor
like we were art on the wall
trivial art on the wall of a square
the dulcimer of heaven’s tears
does deliver the present moment
age is a whisper to patriot-esque keys
not knowing you and I where there

breaking like parched dawns seeing down the road construction of allegory and whey

hallucinating clandestine footsteps where there were no parking meters or joy
a scared couple tells the driver dreams are not real like there is an icon in the sentence
reverberations of captured stashes of survival gear gleam in office cubicles
tempting fate with sinews of milk and dust and the cadence of aplenty, scorching

Sam Beam cries on Sunday mornings and as a distraction in preparations for exams
summoning the sun after the rain where the dew is our thoughts of loving partitions
Did you ever know that I would step in and take you off course, like a stolen falcon,
reaching into the story of your small steps that you refused, and lifting you in flight

the united states does not understand how one portion maybe be detained by another
instead seizing on the opportunity in laughter while using their crosses to dig graves
breathing stolen taste on waters and waves that do not give a cathedral a last chance
this is the only ramification that bleeds for the host in their stunning setting on pasture
denoting crumbling waves of evaporating heat from the streets of cities and carting miles
forgetting we could have chosen bravery, but instead convinced ourselves of impossibility

the edges and the banks of the declined phosphorous gem touting stars and the like

don’t stand too engrossed in the engravings
of the statues and silhouettes like broken flowers
there are batteries the sand where the tide moves
like a trick of the mind and the hurt’s worst
when faith becomes a brick in the imagination
and you stand trial before the heavens’s east

there will be no lawyers that have not seen
the hell they aim to position you towards
like stolen phrases from a past of disbelief
where no robbery could have ever occurred
or so you tell yourself in the sleepless morning
nodding along to the pacific west cool trains

but then years later you find God kinda liked you,
perhaps for your doubts, for your curtains
and the second soul of a shop lifted above the firehouse
where there stood a woman near jumping
the pie was misinterpreted, if only all marriages
could include a third act with whispers of dirt
dirt like stars in the doorway that laugh in the morning
tempting fate all the way into reason

mime mafia Cocker Spaniel puppies

silent balloon face paint snake oil for dignity
photography dime snitches going to Victory
telephone booth clown mafia trusts in stamps
collectors of odd swords, portraits of Kennedy,
and Cocker Spaniel puppies like trading cards
made of song for bitter wood lost at a terminus

a town in New Mexico where they play chess
the telephone booth clown mafia is high-stakes
the risks depends on months of mime practice
financed by stolen hubcaps, Cat Power bootlegs,
and Elvis lighters taken from Dollywood stock,
tonight the Cocker Spaniel puppies take the lot

Presidential Commission Rejecting the Separation of Church and Plates

It has been said that a wall should be placed between the church and plates,
this Presidential Commission rejects that notion, on the basis of one fact
churches needs plates

without plates how shall churches feed the hungry?
our primary mission is stifled without plates
how can you ask that of us?
how shall be feed ourselves?
we tire of eating with our fingers
of asking our congregants to eat with their fingers

We ask the American people to honor the Presidential declaration
to reject the separation of church and plates
it has been far too long since we have used plates
we promise plates are not a power-grab to something larger

Just give us a change
give peace a chance
give plates a chance

salt hands’s rust-ridden fire engine

going quickly with compound raising motion
getting too old to count the salt hands
they all carved away at the Banyan tree
at one point or another the war tree visited
now trusted with campaigns of fire house neglect
where romance make the engine rust-ridden

thank God for public intellectuals

fear of cold osmosis lacking
tactile dispensers, adrift
in the dust of fertilizer
and collective ethical patience
we all want your advice
please tell us how to do to right
we were lost without you
your kingship and royal pattern
so above us, so unconcerned
about oppression or retribution
you are the perfect specimen
the all-knowing grace of hammers
thank you for your grand extension
of willingness to share your gifts
with us, the lowly, the no ones
we will survive thanks to you
thank God for public intellectuals

Citizens brought into The Coalition

hornless, polled, scarred, and out of the possessions
withheld like alterations to smokeless miracles agrift
moral triads and standways where ice chips steal the pain
never once in your soul, or in your open mind, did you consider us
we were the foundation, but in the dark rinsed fabric of caution
now near us you can rise with the common good, now humbled,
now affiliated, able to triangulate a fluid unforgettable flight
towards the patterns of the heart of the climate of injustice
now that you can make room for the neighbors of God
among your acquaintances with the downtrodden
like the act of shinning porch lamps, haughty and in a hurry,
that ragged first day's journey you did not expect
would be accompanied, now seeing we were here all along

I know God is counting the emotion and intention of each hair on the body, abandoning the weight

feeding outlet frustum to our middle-of-
the-night-stirring congregational guilt
until the freedom of a few new days
with the stealing telepic sun arches dry
pitching a rockslide down-mind capsize
to the egalitarian poorly tailored crop joys
souls are only coherent when they are counted
among a few, stolen and soothed – in might

tribulations among the farm and saturated
bi-journeys crawling over crystal glass
land of coughing appendices like a cut
against a motor pool framing hung metal
feeling the nerves and their images
under stethoscope rhymes and triangular chimes
a rockslide prism never donated to a tenor
or a relief for weddings or a walkway dense
health did not denote the watch-gross closure
or siphoned walk that marked our gifts
here did it abet us like a primitive pleasing fear
on his couch seat lacking sight of God

Malachi's succinct observation, that we reject
offerings, holding ourselves back again,
that we cry with burdens like a parent's
second marriage, a now aging generation
there was no concrete counterculture
that did bring redress to the tempered crass matter
but here we are all hallucinating a second taking
at the table as though we could be coerced

grand intuition of the rockslide did bring the concert
outlasting like figments of garden hymns coiled,
feathered attempts to manage the self in conjecture
with hyper-lantern ashes under rooster highs
just wait for the ceiling calling out her imitating
antediluvian metrics that did not know how to find me
there was no one on my side of the falling away
outer-ways, leaving me alone with no assistance
and all who were supposed to be there for her,
they were insincere and lied to her about her feelings
it's the kind of thing only a husband notices
like few notice the rising sea or the impatient God
the earlier ache going away now that where is here
and numbered where soiled admonitions leave

A Poem Recited by God as Best as I Could Understand Her

Sacheon rowboats curled in
difficult strokes, so timid, so elaborate
by the colors of dusk and clouds and entry
like a stolen shuttle that beats out
a homing signal for lost sailors, lost muscles
and joints, celebrated aircraft, like timid
sportsmen remembering the joke, remembering
the solace of grandfather's voice, not now
not tomorrow, but in the future, he will
speak again

Contagion holds lines so whosoever
to the torch, to the sideboard
and masked matrimony, like tailgate
entropy and stolen wallets on
holidays when the banks are still
open, and the personal values are no longer,
just a dream in the window light
just a fragment blessing on top of a blessing
She draws me near, to tell me
Her story, about the absent time
and the sand under water roots
of stolen portraits of his tall gaze

Counted in the extreme thought of bi-rated reprisal and condemned in its mercy

mercy for the dilapidated saints in the cross-rows of windswept intuition,
devotion, like a cowering excuse, for regal band camps and informed discretion
like the festering heat of demarcated swallow-throats, pealing the parched April noon.
Founders portrayed like numb puppets. Countered in the forgetfulness. Lost esteem.
Haley needs a garden with the sweet dove mountain of her simmering voice.
There is growth there, in the fountain of appeasement. Where bristle shadows
hold only a noon card in the stakes of formidable consequence. Scattered, imbued,
fought for all we believe in, so true to the meaning of the short field heart,
there are no forgotten-angel forged memories in the vacuum of early morning saints.
They are mystified and broken and all appealing inquiries start with the mother of
sterilization towards the winter abasement like curls under an iron and steeples
under founding regret. Where, shall we overthrow the statues of morning? Where,
shall we drop curtains on the dominant phrase? Like a dust mite in the refrigerator.
We have seen glorious ends to a defeated, suspended, inoculated portend of freedom.
It is already written, God said, with now the morning stature. Now the solidified eclipse
into the dowry painted suburbs like stolen grateful ejected hearts of farewell tributes.

early vacuum saints steal the fauna of dispersion like paperweights in the camping ground,
solidified by each other, by our passing said acquaintance, like downy farms in the spinning
pool of a lifetime of the regime. “Do not take this for certain. I have not seen a cure,” God states,
as He sees over the beguiled saints of ashtrays and willowed curtains, where no moon
has come to forget them. No judgment for the star insiders, that could not forget their names,
and were not present for the ice-slander of morning suns. “I have come for you, dear adequate.
I have come like the everlasting on your way to central defeat. I will lift you and arm you,
like you were my neighbor and all that matters; the time we spent together, talking about
ashtrays and mother suns. I am here for you, seasoned waitress, so young to the invaluable,
and resting so assured to the outcome of resistance.” Where will we go, asked the farmer
on high. No magician can count the wealth you see of a daily trigger-bank of watered
freeways and ashtrays and the gully of old-art-decision. Do not count me. I am proverbial
and not to be a part of this continuous parched wave of defeat. “I did not deplore the star-mapped
waitress, nor did I count you among the journey of sailing defeat, but I thought it wiser
to let you know there will be an entry in my journey, a tiny map, that leads you away
from uncertainty and guilt. That leads you away from criminal endeavors in the contract
of My heart and the solstice of my dreams.” Have we neither tempered certainty of a pathway
to My heart than a whimsical dream? Are not the patterns enabled? And the foresight, untimbered?

The coma-waking Blake of Saturday’s constitution

quickly darting steps beneath the cold exterior of this wooden carved heart
like asperous, but delicate, tones of ones and threes in the paddles
where mercenaries feed their dues with the desires of walking ankles,
too much trouble for the docile, too much treatment for the cancer
too much gratitude for the coma-waking Blake of Saturday’s constitution,
when a body bag are not in your future you are cursed to this trial,
this inconceivable waking gift of misery and suffering hip joints,
like stomachs on roller derby sirens and migraines in the shaking, departed stick,
there are no more terebinths in the staking regression of winter’s stock mask,
all alone and facing the discomfort like young adults face their hormones,
one strategic session at a time, one borrowed pantry, and awaiting the last shift

From El Salvador to parlay French lyricists

rocky suns block the courtroom scene where
shreddings of salted gas gliders scoop down
holding hands with Haley and back news
holding golden cobwebs to lengthen the gentle sea

riding along the weaving sight deals under orders
like freight train silk skittish in El Salvador
multimillion snakes enlarge what's gone
like inserting yourself to the knocking docked poem

iceberg trash cans light proprietor songs along
to a melted highway crossing the train mortar psalms
she held me like marmalade toasted ironed shirts
skirted with a marlin there to demonetize three songs

ironed pantries that apologize for storing groceries
in the stolen goods freezer like solitary music
drowning on the Great Plains with Mahler
under-rested like deserted grains on the straight miles

dawning on the resting state, people gather like fireflies
debriefing the tonal riverbed stone's tune
here and grateful to be listening to the porter
on 1300 Metropolitan Avenue looking in your eyes
sailor companions, compatriots donning singing voices
for transnational flights to parlay French lyricists

Common Turn Pupil

followed by every dance,
woods under earrings, and beautiful
correspondence, listening to his object, the
dissolving allied picture of their joy,
for great plays, for being bold, imitations
can be seen or made available, energies in suspending
conventions, imposed by movement, by machines;
imagism disposed, discharged just before
Turin, before dexterity to many successors,
cantors freely in Dresden, in Milan, unbroken
pupils, edit songs to the states of the west.
comiquement, intervals poise violins,
promote complaints
adapted for singing,
buffónes in unison stretch tones, break

horizontals, already in certain Mississippian displays
strung odium
strung crown-post roofs
a common turn pupil
followed by every dance

Terrace; Starch and Fatal

He dissipated the states not knowing conquest for other ethereal glows that stare
challenging the bureaucrat, He came from the coastal plain, growing in seagrass
and towing mother’s fortunes out of the current, relieved brother’s torrents subsided
and here we were marked with sub-ancient testosterone like magnets of decay
where spiders sap upon neptune’s stability, cautioned by the wind, cautioned by God

demanding the absence of coercion

Nothing is toxic.
Instead, it is in how you try to be above the wind.

The stream of hero identity masked
as parsing that or this phrase.

Hatred can be understood as a clamp
that rose from the pits of social good uninitiated.

It was and is the only sutured,
matter-of-fact, alloy yet to be transmuted.

Instead, hear yourself in their bellowing
remarks that denounce the innocent.

Listen to the likeness in the esteem.
Covet their space taken up in this world.

Dialectical monism or the nature of only
becoming by being dual.

dulcimers and ashtrays

Julia Jacklin sings in the chorus
to God’s cigarette ash
buying me time before She
visits again to set me alright
Meanwhile capitalist labor possesses me
like a tired marsupial in the trees
the strangest things I find between shifts
like a Hoshi Sato adventure
An earthquake would not take away
the immediacy of labor’s demands
the bills, home infrastructure, health
When we come out seething at the other end
certainly spirit life will be better than money

Sign, Song, Speech

the first sign
like a structured home
comfort among wolves and tents
lambasting rock signals where waves
and oceans betray each other, often

the first song
a natural development
communication that grew naturally
seemingly out of the depths of the world
music that summoned spirits of the dead

then speech,
casually, gradually, naturally,
with little or no effort emitting from songs
the disaster did not seem to meet realization
what appeared as the bright star of enlightenment,
anti-Venus was the strictest, most pronounced succumbed initiation
of the decline of humanity’s lonely, surrounded waking hour

Where no one speaks the stars, but war criminals

Often the denoting pattern
is your young weathering
the trials

There is no wit in the dust
of tragedy that you
witnesses

There are no pinnate leaflets
breaking sand castles where
you have settled

They have betrayed each other
as an overt Esau
striking a sickle killing siblings

They have murdered Jacob
their hands red with God's blood
but Palestine will be again and rise

(Re)calling Radioelectric Signatures

all the missing voices
sacred hope the population
will return in the future

inhaling the metric
frequencies aloft in size
metre condoning home stations

passing along to their children
the significance of emergency
voices in the outlet of darkness
traveling radiotelegraphy notes
for the coming days of scarcity

irenic milk ritual under occupation

smoke in the sand never bothered the quick
like boiled milk, they take their trays down
to southern borders irenic and sound for now

where trampled airways conduct ire or gusts
their boarding parties strangers unto themselves
never here before making themselves a tent
for a listening post over the entire native town

as you know the groceries were counted again
the crops all failed at once just as timely before
they could not bring good fortune, no not them

the occupiers only operate on the peaceful kin
where a simple scan and retreat would've settled
more appropriate than the marriage they ask for

they hang their gear in the middle of things
obstructing their story of this town's people
we led them here thinking they offer aid
but even the doctors stare at our young girls

let it be that our hidden wreckers will quake
and recall the ancient stories of still combat

the wreckers channel ghost cascades wakened
the dreams of the soul at rest now gathered
unabated strength, first hidden from their sight
we love those lone starry heroic passages so cold

Hesitation and Trust
revised *with the impartial assist of God*
(Though God wants you know She/He/They had nothing to do with this last stanza)

I've gone through periods
where I felt I owed God
one offering or spiritual stake
Lately I've given thought
to what I can do
for God at this time

I was reminded again
of what God wants from me
God wants me to live
I could easily decline
in physical health, commanded
by my mental strained health
Though it is not too late
to stabilize my physical health,
to recover and have a chance at life

God's second expectation, sternly from me
is to trust in Her or Him or Them
to step off the ledge of my discomfort
and trust God will catch me like a son
that is wanted and cared for, unexpectedly

God has even suggested, to my great anxiety
that I should force myself to socialize again
in that it seems an impossible expectation to follow
God wants me to be loved? but I do not see how
God wants me to trust love will find me again?
though I can't imagine if that might happen
it seems clear God wants to plan something mighty
where I find I am in a structure of love and contentment
such miracles, I think, are only for a good self of mind
for those souls lost in the illusions of statehood and law

What I know is that I fear those who are like stalkers
and I do not want to be touched in any manner
and I do not have the money to "entertain"
not that there would be a point to such misaligned traditions
and I do not agree with the imparity of those U.S. customs
and I do not want to be a visiting doormat accompaniment
and I have no desire to get close to another's heart
and I do not want to leave my home, or resting place
I do not suffer from loneliness that subjects me to such trouble

The incult self-advertisement of Florentina Holzinger

What must be seen
to be disbelieved
is not art of the mind

It is a physical hallucination
and a dangerous view
of social reality

A National Market of Wells and the Inaudible Homecoming

to retain to sell
a meeting house or tenant
oil on the projecting platform
for a sailing wall

removing the trails
like mines to a tether
a fasting of depriving tycoons

eliminated from exposition
AI in defeat
of will peopled discretion

taming common sounds
where shrouds incur due
walking the sore wound

along the divided ocean
one's water did not arrive
from 5,000 kilometers away

your backyard, of course
organic and sustainable
market nationalism

to retain to sell
your body in modern heat
like a goatsmith jury

aghast with illusion
that danger never outweighs
pressured expectation

"able-bodied" enclosures
available to spend
on the faucet dollar
inaudible homecoming

Naaman’s Cipher of Sparked Joy

God walks with the trialed under exposure
never ending His/Her/Their commitment to allow to see
a spark of joy sent to the heavens
back home for the under, passed along to a brother
they claim it is inferior masking, a joy to comprehend,
what they do not see is action in its midst

and that day another reluctantly comes

bylines charged with voter fraud
sentenced in 1982 by a White jury
a cycle of a system inclined to diminish
one day the elimination of structural violence
will follow the letting go of the educational model
that would never prepare and sustain a path
coming into its own towards deliverance,

not to complete the work; a new pattern of selfhood
to be explored expeditiously, adroit sovereignty of self
awaiting those to release their importance
displaced rhythms of selfhood and false alliances,

another is to become one therein, it resolves to a forming under
interpersonal violence and spiritual malfeasance
the relenting whispers of arcane retribution
glances towards denial of form
and the aggressive army of neighbors herein

branded

incite quickened rainways with tracks or legends
ethical practices actionable and legal bars drowning
being branched in vessels of words and staked time
branded where a wound did not have time to heal

my last memory

dying along the sewage cafe
where Itamar Ben-Gvir
is stepping on my throat

whispering, “Marissa Nadler
is never coming to save you!”
like the roast of a demon
in front of an audience of three

where rag dolls send the greater whale
for homilies against memories,

keep them from spreading to others
no single thought must survive
in the mind of another as testimony

he laughs at my charred remains
my headphones beside me
while he eats grilled whale
my mind silent from strangers

a blue morning spear-point
razzles miles from sailcloth

to me the failed city

demonstrating counsel jail cells atop
ibuprofen pale nights smoking in the window
where sailor sunflowers sink in the calloused ocean
vamping the waves of God with choruses subsiding
sixteen feet strident workers tower dagian anxiety
feeding horses jogging resection under splinter suns
the failed city demands it was the one shone precious stone
ostracized character witnesses diving under tune-trained courts

Her stone horses of law and reclamation

apart from the colliding sky
there are numerous advocates
of customary cultural law

pleading with the Only by men
dressed in cellar materials
to convince Her of their cellulitis

has-been of a practice, trailing
nothing more than dissipate clutch
phases of dance and materials

to praise steps to Her works
were She so inclined, she might
have to break down the cosmos
like a petrified rock of a stallion
inflamed with stone horseback hill

a partial map for a blushing wormhole

a blockhouse drowning in cursive
diminution strolling under saunter waves
like a theme blushed with envy
a corner map to evacuate the prisoners
where the cornfields combustious stared
and the burrowing Clydesdale sings congruous

the flowers endorse

where stealth cleaves to the
remote flower coffin
condensed in the blood of
its neighbors’s condolences

trapped on the tarmac, fleeting
like the robbed legs of summer
leave me to the whispers
of brutal frogs and beetles

leave me to the failing plague
where injured masks collide
stern to stern, stem to stem
the flowers endorse the end of my life

Fractal Seasons

For Sonny Rollins

drowning in the era of the sun
Ohio roads abandoned in 1927
here the moon comes in the season
Earth’s reincarnations and devout hesitation
eclipsing the furrowed leaves, adjoining
the universe’s glancing choice of sundials

In the center of the sounds

furthermost from the stars the voices soothe
wrapping me in a blanket of my own thoughts
subjunctive voices encouraging to take the illness
away from its oblate passions and door locked symbols
though these folks of honorable acts
never wish me to deny my experience
caution and passing songs of protection
still and nimble protests educate the mines
forests call out for the passion of the limbs

if only it could slow down to be said
the radical call of heaven's ointment
so many songs, so much music on the other side
the wall between life and death is a single brick
that brick is a buffer between realities
all the echoing harmony on the other end
only sing for me, for each have their own song
patience and ethical questions collide
passing early in the multicolored light

all that vamping harmony of life
we have all walked to the sound of our hearts
mine hears an array of sounds
violins and trumpets all sustained
along with writing for the final bars
a guitar floating midsection never to be seen
like educated dressings that match justifiably
but these are the words we all hear
letting the central voice from the call to our tears

hist memory meter for claimed Canadian toil

street academic soldiers breaking common law
the pendency of the theatre is adjusted to admission

overwhelmed with the abuse of this or that substance
never changing over time, never growing fatigue

the clergy and the military in gross union officer training
privation lost, away from solitary performance and mendicant self-care

today they mark the scene, today laughing at blood
never going away now that they are numb to violence

it is the lake of reducibility to a peoples not met
the marching party showingly doubted outwit

all trust is a laughing matter for gaining shy rolling lots
the muse of a partial judge's stationary desk props
enjoining silence and strapped to railway evening stars
a memory meter for stolen air trapping misogyny and toil how marred

No soul can serve alone

infections from the combatant
staring at the horse race champions
with bloody hooves
She or He sometimes whispers in my ear,
commenting methods that refine reflection
where was the wash in all of this,
ablatant cosmos grasping within our hard won skin

were it not for doorbells or delivery sales
we would have been written off early,
never starting the day without a dosage
of the complement of reality withered and burned
chanting like a cruel rhyming jewel lost
inside its casing where She or He would not meet me

not again after the failed rally,
though They tell me otherwise,
God tells me there is hope
God claims there is hope for so many of us,
and only tolerates my lack of enthusiastic participation

there are those of us not meant to fly on starched winds,
or so my heart tells me,
not like a window glossing hesitant cellos,
but instead we gather alone where no one can serve completely,
not against a violin backfall,
not against a berry bush on fire,
the smell of the burning fruit is my solemn independence,
not at all what God wants for me,
or how She/They/He expects me to walk through this experience

no soul can serve alone or fit within the vacuum of learning
no independent thought thrown away at the cuff of the hand
spirit's reputation does not convince me to be satisfied, or experience of wealth
from the communication with the heavens or a lifetime under dross,
just my own preferred stalled doorway into a tremblesome shifting of needs
and even still God has not abandoned me, it took years of trials to get here,
now that I find myself here, I abuse the privilege of God's company as normalcy